

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

- 1 How often ought we pray?
- 2 How can we be in the spirit of prayer all the time?
- 3 What is the best time of the day for prayer?
- 4 What advantage is there in having a regular time and place for prayer?
- 5 How is life thru the day modified by a season of prayer in the morning?
- 6 What were Jesus' habits in prayer?
- 7 Do you think that Daniel's firmness of character can be attributed to his prayer habit? Dan. 6: 10.
- 8 How can a very busy person keep the rule of prayer and Bible reading every day?
- 9 What can our society do toward better habits in prayer and Bible reading?
- 10 What is the "Quiet Hour" movement and what can we do to help it?

A short talk by the pastor with an appeal to adopt the Quiet Hour plan would be a fitting close for this meeting.

In order to know fully what the young people of other societies are doing for better living a copy of *The Christian Endeavor World* should be taken by each society along with the EVANGELIST.

C. F. YODER.

Christian Life

"I Will Come In To Him"

Revelation 3: 20

Come in, oh, come! The door stands open now;
I knew thy voice; Lord Jesus, it was thou;
The sun has set long since; the storms begin;
'Tis time for thee, my Savior; oh, come in!

Come, even now. But think not here to find
A lodging, Lord, and converse, to thy mind:
The lamp burns low; the hearth is chill and pale;
Wet thru the broken casement pours the gale.

Alas! ill-order'd shows the dreary room;
The household stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom;
The table empty stands, the couch undress'd;
Ah, what a welcome for the Eternal Guest!

Yet welcome, and to-night; this doleful scene
Is e'en itself my cause to hail thee in;
This dark confusion e'en at once demands
Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ordering hands.

I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend:
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep thee waiting still.

Then, as thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in, and see my chamber as it is;
I bid thee welcome boldly, in the name
Of thy great glory and my want and shame.

Come, not to find, but make, this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of thee as thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

—H. C. G. Moule.

A SERMON TO THE AGED

LOUIS S. BAUMAN

Text: "And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made and I will bear; even will I carry and deliver you."—Isa. 46: 4.

The Christ of Galilee is a universal Christ. Unlike other great teachers, his words are food wherever there is spiritual hunger. He appeals to every man of every tribe of everywhere. To the philosopher his name is *Alpha and Omega*; to the scientist, *The Beginning*; to the Jew he is *The Son of David*; to

the Gentile, *Lord of All*; to the prophet, *Desire of All Nations*; to the missionary, *Emmanuel*. To the just man he is, *The Lord our Righteousness*; to the unjust, *My Redeemer*. To the living he is, *The Way, The Truth*; to the dying, *The Resurrection and the Life*. He is the babe's *Good Shepherd*; woman's *Bright and Morning Star*; man's *Governor*; youth's *Counselor*; old age's *Light*. He is the State's *Prince of Peace*; the church's *Great High Priest*. Earth's *Sun of Righteousness* and Heaven's *Holy One*. To all men everywhere he is *Savior*. To no man anywhere is he more precious than to him to whom life is sweet and good, yet about whose head nature is encircling the shadow. The young man may go to Confucius, or to Plato, and find a ray or two to lighten his pathway. But the old man, to whom can he go for light to brighten the gloom of the path on before? Above all things is his weary heart crying out for the light. And, glory be to God, "light shineth in the darkness," and Jesus is that light. To the old, Christ is precious because Christ is light.

One of the saddest things in all the world is to see old age tottering in darkness,—groping about in the cold, chilly blackness of an approaching deeper night. A child, lost on the pathless snows of the years. One of the gladdest things in the world is to see old age basking in the light. Lifted on the wings of faith so far above the earth that earth's shadows recede and the morning and evening suns mingle together, planting upon the silvery locks a crown of resplendent brightness. A child, treading with angels the evergreen carpets of the dawning eternities. That, I think, is the gladdest sight in the world.

The questions that keep revolving in the young man's mind are such as these: What means life? How shall I live what we call life? Which of the paths before me shall I take? Where lies the temple of fame? But in the mind of the old man, how different the queries: What is life? What is death? Where leads the path that I have trodden? Where lies the temple of youth and glory?

Ah! fathers and mothers, you who are treading the borders and gazing silently across into the unseen land, eager to catch a glimpse of tomorrow's home, how much you know that I would like to know. I wish I might have your retrospect with my prospect. I wish I might know as you know, the meaning, the silent swiftness, the worth of what we call life. You know its sweets and its agonies. You know its smiles and its tears. You know its hopes and its disappointments. You know its joys and its sorrows. You know what is worth half one's precious years to know—you know what is worth while. Methinks the one great thought in your mind, the one thing you would tell me that you have learned in your years is this: Nothing material is worth the while save as it quickens and glorifies the spiritual. I believe that as you believe it; but, O that

I might also feel it as you feel it. I know that Christ never did anything not worth while. He built no house to be swept away by the storm. He painted no picture to fade. He chiseled no marble to perish. He struck no shackles from crumbling clay. Must the dead be buried? Then, "Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." Go thou, and grasp the eternities. O that this materialistic age, this age of stones and bricks and houses and lands and dollars might listen to your voice, might hearken unto your wisdom. O that our young men could stand upon the mountain-top of the setting sun for a moment and view with you the past and the future! What a changing of routes, what an overturning of plans, what different ideas of life there would be! Yes, you hoary heads can tell us best how to live and live well. And how differently you look upon the dim skeleton ghost that forever haunts the paths of the living. As a child you looked upon death as a stranger and bade it keep far away. As a man, even in life's bitter hours, you feared lest you might hear its bony knock at the door. But now, weighted down with your years, many of you with the infirmities that so often accompany old age, death has long since ceased to be a stranger, or even a dreaded acquaintance. To you, Death is God's angel ferryman, your friend. With the bones stiffening, the flesh withering, the back aching, and the eye failing, who would live alway? Death may bear the scythe; but for you, it is only to sever the cords that bind you to the earthy, so that you can rise to the heavenly; to free you from mortality in order that you may ascend to immortality. You have for years talked about the new song. Rejoice that you can soon sing it. You have waited long for a vision of the Father's face. Be glad that you can soon behold it. Long, long, have you dreamed of the glorious land, the city fair. Fear not. Go up and possess it.

Bruised and shackled and scarred, I see the most glorious conqueror that ever trod the streets of the Caesars, walk out one day to die. Some big hearted centurion stands watching the death march, and as the old soldier of the cross passes by, he speaks a word of pity. The little Benjaminite with flashing eyes cries back, "Pity me, Roman, pity me! Ah! Pity thyself and envy me!" For,

"Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright glory on my brow."

The hour is come! How I've longed! How I've waited. For me to live is Christ! 'Tis sweet. For me to die is gain! 'Tis better. To depart, to be with Christ! Truly, old soldier, thou wert to be envied!

Were you ever a wanderer for long weary months, far away from home? Perhaps, there is some old soldier here who trudged all those weary months all the way from Bull Run to Richmond. Well, you know what it means. Do you remember your return to the old home town? As the familiar scenes